

IN HIS STEPS.

"WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?"

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.
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(Continued from last week)

"Oh, Calvin! Such terrible news! Mr. Sterling—oh, I cannot tell it! What a fearful blow to those two girls!"

"What is it?" Dr. Bruce advanced with the bishop into the hall and confronted the messenger, a servant from the Sterlings. The man was without his hat and had evidently run over with the news, as the doctor lived nearest of any friends of the family.

"Mr. Sterling shot himself, sir, a few minutes ago! He killed himself in his bedroom! Mrs. Sterling!"

"I will go right over, Edward!"—Dr. Bruce turned to the bishop—"will you go with me? The Sterlings are old friends of yours."

The bishop was very pale, but calm, as always. He looked his friend in the face and answered: "Aye, Calvin. I will go with you, not only to this house of death, but also the whole way of human sin and sorrow, please God."

And even in that moment of horror at the unexpected news Calvin Bruce understood what the bishop had promised to do.

CHAPTER X.

These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.

When Dr. Bruce and the bishop entered the Sterling mansion, everything in the usually well appointed household was in the greatest confusion and terror. The great rooms down stairs were empty, but overhead were hurried footsteps and confused noises. One of the servants ran down the grand staircase with a look of horror on her face just as the bishop and Dr. Bruce were starting to go up.

"Miss Felicia is with Mrs. Sterling," the servant stammered in answer to a question and then burst into a hysterical cry and ran through the drawing room and out of doors.

At the top of the staircase the two men were met by Felicia.

She walked up to Dr. Bruce at once and put both hands in his. The bishop laid his hand on her head, and the three stood there a moment in perfect silence.

The bishop had known Felicia since she was a child. He was the first to break silence.

"The God of all mercy be with you, Felicia, in this dark hour. Your mother!"

The bishop hesitated. Out of the hurried past he had during his hurried passage from his friend's house to this house of death irresistibly drawn the one tender romance of his young manhood. Not even Bruce knew that. But there had been a time when the bishop had offered the incense of a singularly undivided affection upon the altar of his youth to the beautiful Camilla Rolfe, and she had chosen between him and the millionaire. The bishop carried no bitterness with his memory, but it was still a memory.

For answer to the bishop's unfinished query Felicia turned and went back into her mother's room. She had not said a word yet, but both men were struck with her wonderful calm. She returned to the hall door and beckoned to them, and the two ministers, with a feeling that they were about to behold something very unusual, entered.

Rose lay with her arms outstretched on the bed. Clara, the nurse, sat with her head covered, sobbing in spasms of terror, and Mrs. Sterling, with "the light that never was on sea or land" luminous on her face, lay there so still that even the bishop was deceived at first. Then as the great truth broke upon him and Dr. Bruce he staggered, and the sharp agony of the old wound shot through him. It passed and left him standing there in that chamber of death with the eternal calmness and strength that the children of God have a right to possess, and right well he used that calmness and strength in the days that followed.

The next moment the house below was in a tumult. Almost at the same time the doctor, who had been sent for at once, but lived some distance away, came in, together with police officers who had been summoned by the frightened servants. With them were four or five newspaper correspondents and several neighbors. Dr. Bruce and the bishop met this miscellaneous crowd at the head of the stairs and succeeded in excluding all except those whose presence was necessary. With these the two friends learned all the facts ever known about "the Sterling tragedy," as the papers in their sensational accounts next day called it.

Mr. Sterling had gone into his room that evening about 9 o'clock and that was the last seen of him until in half an hour a shot was heard and a servant who was in the hall ran into the room and found the owner of the house dead on the floor, killed by his own hand. Felicia at the time was sitting by her mother. Rose was reading in the library. She ran up stairs, saw her father as he was being lifted upon the couch by the servants and then ran screaming into her mother's room, where she flung herself down on the foot of the bed in a swoon. Mrs. Sterling had at first fainted at the shock, then rallied with wonderful swiftness and sent a messenger to call Dr. Bruce. She had then insisted on seeing her husband. In spite of Felicia, she had compelled Clara and the housemaid, terrified and trembling, to support her while she crossed the hall and entered the room where her husband lay. She had looked upon him with a tearless face, had gone back into her own room, was laid on the bed, and as Dr. Bruce and the bishop entered the house she, with a prayer of forgiveness for herself and her husband on her quivering lips, had died, with Felicia bending over her and Rose still lying senseless at her feet.

So great and swift had been the entrance of grim death into that palace of luxury that Sunday night, but the full cause of his coming was not known until the facts in regard to Mr. Sterling's business affairs were finally disclosed.

Then it was learned that for some time he had been facing financial ruin owing to certain speculations that had in a month's time swept his supposed wealth into complete destruction. With the cunning and desperation of a man who battles for his very life, when he saw his money, which was all the life he ever valued, slipping from him he had put off the evil day to the last moment. Sunday afternoon, however, he had received news that proved to him beyond a doubt the fact of his utter ruin. The very house that he called his, the chairs in which he sat, his carriage, the dishes from which he ate, had all been bought by money for which he himself had never really done an honest stroke of pure labor.

It had all rested on a tissue of deceit and speculation that had no foundation in real values. He knew the fact better than any one else, but he had hoped, with the hope that such men always have, that the same methods that brought him the money would also prevent its loss. He had been deceived in this, as many others have been. As soon as the truth that he was practically a beggar had dawned upon him he saw no escape from suicide. It was the irresistible result of such a life as he had lived. He had made money his god. As soon as that god had gone out of his little world there was nothing more to worship, and when a man's object of worship is gone he has no more to live for. Thus died the great millionaire, Charles R. Sterling, and, verily, he died as the fool dieth, for what is the gain or the loss of money compared with the unsearchable riches of eternal life, which are far beyond the reach of worldly speculation, loss or change?

Mrs. Sterling's death was the result of shock. She had not been taken into her husband's confidence for years, but she knew that the source of his wealth was precarious. Her life for several years had been a death in life. The Rolfe always gave the impression that they could endure more disaster unmoved than any one else. Mrs. Sterling illustrated the old family tradition when she was carried into the room where her husband lay, but the feeble tenement could not hold the spirit, and it gave up the ghost, torn and weakened by long years of suffering and disappointment.

The effect of this triple blow, the death of father and mother and the loss of property, was instantly apparent in the sisters. The horror of events stupefied Rose for weeks. She lay unmoved by sympathy or any effort to rally. She did not seem yet to realize that the money which had been so large a part of her very existence was gone. Even when she was told that she and Felicia must leave the house and be dependent upon relatives and friends she did not seem to understand what it meant.

Felicia, however, was fully conscious of the facts. She knew just what had happened and why. She was talking over her future plans with her cousin Rachel a few days after the funerals. Mrs. Winslow and Rachel had left Raymond and come to Chicago at once as soon as the terrible news had reached them, and with other friends of the family they were planning for the future of Rose and Felicia.

"Felicia, you and Rose must come to Raymond with us. That is settled. Mother will not hear of any other plan at present," Rachel had said, while her beautiful face glowed with love for her cousin, a love that had deepened day by day and was intensified by the knowledge that they both belonged to the new discipleship.

"Unless I could find something to do here," answered Felicia. She looked wistfully at Rachel, and Rachel said gently:

"What could you do, dear?"

"Nothing. I was never taught to do anything except a little music, and I do not know enough about it to teach it or earn my living at it. I have learned to cook a little," Felicia answered, with a slight smile.

"Then you can cook for us. Mother is always having trouble with her kitchen," said Rachel, understanding well enough that Felicia was thinking of the fact that she was now dependent for her very food and shelter upon the kindness of family friends.

It is true, the girls received a little something out of the wreck of their father's fortune, but with a speculator's mad folly he had managed to involve both his wife's and his children's portions in the common ruin.

"Can I? Can I?" Felicia replied to Rachel's proposition, as if it were to be considered seriously. "I am ready to do anything honorable to make my living and that of Rose. Poor Rose! She will never be able to get over the shock of our trouble."

"We will arrange the details when we get to Raymond," Rachel said, smiling through her tears at Felicia's eager willingness to care for herself.

So in a few weeks Rose and Felicia found themselves a part of the Winslow family in Raymond. It was a bitter experience for Rose, but there was nothing else for her to do, and she accepted the inevitable, brooding over the great change in her life and in many ways adding to the burden of Felicia and her cousin Rachel.

Felicia at once found herself in an atmosphere of discipleship that was like heaven to her in its revelation of companionship. It is true that Mrs. Winslow was not in sympathy with the course that Rachel was taking, but the remarkable events since the pledge had been taken were too powerful in their results not to impress even such a woman as Mrs. Winslow. With Rachel Felicia found a perfect fellowship. She at once found a part to take in the new work at the Rectangle. In the spirit of her new life she insisted upon helping in the housework at her aunt's and in

a short time demonstrated her ability as a cook so clearly that Virginia suggested that she take charge of the cooking class at the Rectangle.

Felicia entered upon this work with the keenest pleasure. For the first time in her life she had the delight of doing something of value for the happiness of others. Her resolve to do everything after asking, "What would Jesus do?" touched her deepest nature. She began to develop and strengthen wonderfully.

Even Mrs. Winslow was obliged to acknowledge the great usefulness and beauty of Felicia's character. The aunt looked with astonishment upon her niece, this city bred girl, reared in the greatest luxury, the daughter of a millionaire, now walking around in her kitchen, her arms covered with flour and occasionally a streak of it on her nose—for Felicia at first had a habit of rubbing her nose forcefully when she was trying to remember some recipe—mixing various dishes, with the greatest interest in their results, washing up pans and kettles and doing the ordinary work of a servant in the Winslow kitchen and at the rooms of the Rectangle settlement. At first Mrs. Winslow remonstrated.

"Felicia, it is not your place to be out here doing this common work. I cannot allow it."

"Why, aunt? Don't you like the muffins I made this morning?" Felicia would ask meekly, but with a hidden smile, knowing her aunt's weakness for that kind of muffin.

"They were beautiful, Felicia, but it does not seem right for you to be doing such work for us."

"Why not? What else can I do?" Her aunt looked at her thoughtfully, noting her remarkable beauty of face and expression.

"You do not always intend to do this kind of work, Felicia?"

"Maybe I shall. I have had a dream of opening an ideal cookshop in Chicago or some large city and going around to the poor families in some slum district like the Rectangle, teaching the mothers how to prepare food properly. I remember hearing Dr. Bruce say once that he believed one of the great miseries of comparative poverty consisted in poor food. He even went so far as to say that he thought some kinds of crime could be traced to soggy biscuits and tough beefsteak. I'm confident I would be able to make a living for Rose and myself and at the same time to help others."

Felicia brooded over this dream until it became a reality. Meanwhile she grew into the affections of the Raymond people and the Rectangle folks, among whom she was known as "the angel cook." Underneath the structure of the beautiful character she was growing always rested her promise made in Nazareth Avenue church.

"What would Jesus do?" She prayed and hoped and worked and planned her life by the answer to that question.

It was the inspiration of her conduct and the answer to all her ambition.

Three months had gone by since the Sunday morning when Dr. Bruce came into his pulpit with the message of the new discipleship. Never before had the Rev. Calvin Bruce realized how deep the feelings of his members flowed. He humbly confessed that the appeal he had made met with an unexpected response from men and women who, like Felicia, were hungry for something in their lives that the conventional type of church membership and fellowship had failed to give them.

But Dr. Bruce was not yet satisfied for himself. We cannot tell what his feeling was or what led to the movement he finally made, to the great astonishment of all who knew him, better than by relating a conversation between him and the bishop at this time in the history of the pledge in Nazareth Avenue church. The two friends were, as before, in Dr. Bruce's house, seated in his study.

"You know what I have come in this evening for?" the bishop was saying after the friends had been talking some time about the results of the pledge with Nazareth Avenue people.

Dr. Bruce looked over at the bishop and shook his head.

"I have come to confess," went on the bishop, "that I have not yet kept my promise to walk in his steps in the way that I believe I shall be obliged to if I satisfy my thought of what it means to walk in his steps."

Dr. Bruce had risen and was pacing his study. The bishop remained in the deep easy chair, with his hands clasped, but his eye burned with the glow that always belonged to him before he made some great resolve.

"Edward!"—Dr. Bruce spoke abruptly—"I have not yet been able to satisfy myself, either, in obeying my promise, but I have at last decided on my course. In order to follow it, I shall be obliged to resign from Nazareth Avenue church."

(To be continued.)

Lord Armstrong, the famous gunmaker, has just entered on his ninetieth year. It is forty years since he was knighted for his invention of the breech-loading gun. But as the inventor of the present system of hydraulics he has attained even greater fame than his gun has given him. His old age has been devoted to the publication of abstruse scientific works and to the restoration of Bournemouth, where he now lives—to something of its former glories.

Colonel William L. Prather, of Waco, Tex., has been elected president of the University of Texas. He was born in Tennessee in 1848, and went to Texas when he was six years old. He was educated at Waco University and at Washington and Lee University. He was at the latter institution when General Robert E. Lee was its president, and was graduated in 1871. He has been a successful legal practitioner, and for the last thirteen years has been a member of the Board of Regents of the university and was chairman of the Board at the time of his election to the presidency.

Hawaii's population has increased 25,000 during the last two years, showing that annexation has had a favorable effect on its census returns.

St. Johnsbury Center.

At the annual meeting of the Congregational church the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, George H. Hallett; vice president, Henry J. Kelley; clerk, A. B. Pringle; treasurer, Mrs. M. Wright; organist, Mrs. Danforth; church committee, A. B. Pringle, George H. Morrill, H. J. Kelley.

The Roberts brothers have sold their wool, it being a four years old clip of 2580 pounds.

The Universalist society will have a Christmas tree on Saturday evening of this week and on Monday evening of next week there will be a union Christmas tree at the Congregational church.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Stone left last Monday night for Florida where they will spend the winter.

Chas. Olcott who went to Boston last October for medical treatment, has returned home much improved.

Joseph Nichols has moved into the tenement in the post office building.

Clarence and Freeman Allen were called here by the serious illness of their father last week.

George Wiley is this week moving to Wheelock, and Mrs. Kidney has rented rooms in the post office building here.

There will be a meeting of the Methodist Sunday school board for the election of officers at the close of the prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Mrs. Viola Helme has returned from Brightwood Hospital to her father's, H. N. Roberts.

There was a good attendance at the concert given by the Epworth League last Friday evening. About 25 came from Lyndon, several of them assisting in the entertainment.

The Universalist fair was held last Tuesday evening. Oysters were served.

Mr. Hazen Resigns.

Postmaster Hazen has resigned as director of the state prison and house of correction, and sent the following letter to Gov. C. Smith:

Gov. E. C. SMITH,

My dear Sir:

Holding, as I now do, a federal office, it seems to be necessary that I should resign my position as Director of the State Prison and House of Correction, and I hereby tender to you my resignation to take effect Jan'y 15th. Permit me to express to you my sincere appreciation of the complete courtesy and confidence which you and your predecessors and prison officials have given to me. I shall not cease to feel a deep interest in the institutions to which I am sure I have given my best thought and service. With high regard,

Mr. Hazen has made a faithful and efficient public servant and has given the state his best talents.

East St. Johnsbury.

Mrs. Carrie Bartlett has returned to Woodstock to teach the winter term of school.

Charles Wark cut his foot while chopping one day last week, making a serious wound in the instep.

A young man by the name of Murphy, working for H. M. Knapp, broke his leg Monday while skidding logs.

Miss Carrie Griswold, of the high school in Vergennes, is spending her vacation at her home in this village.

The Lunar Eclipse.

The eclipse of the moon last Saturday night was viewed by many people and it was an ideal night for astronomers. About 6:37 Saturday night the moon entered the dark shadow of the earth and remained partially obscured until 10:06.

As the first shadows crept upon the edge of the northern crescent, and gradually began to move across, a dull reddish tinge seemed to spread over that part of the moon obscured from view, which gradually deepened into an intense black as the shadows progressed across the moon's face. By the time three quarters had been covered in the eclipse the fourth quarter had already assumed an intensely brilliant color which grew brighter and brighter as the quarter narrowed down to a crescent and finally a thin edge of light on the southern rim of the moon. The eclipse reached its height at about 8:24 and the thin edge of light then visible almost rivalled the brilliancy of the sun on a moderately fair day. The moon swung out into the sunlight as slowly as she had left it and the passing eclipse was as beautiful as the first of it. Had it not been for the brilliancy of the stars it would have been quite dark during the height of the eclipse.

The next partial eclipse of the moon will occur on the 12th of June, 1900, and the next full eclipse that will be visible in this part of the world on the 16th of October, 1902. The partial eclipse of the moon, due on June 12 next, is unimportant and will be very small, covering but about 1-1000th of the moon's diameter. The coming year will be very quiet in lunar circles, so far as the amateur astronomers are concerned, but the sun will provide a little more entertainment. On May 28 there will be a total eclipse of the sun which will be visible in North America. On Nov. 22 there will also be an annular eclipse of the sun, but it will not be visible in this part of the world.

The Stiles Drug Store guarantees every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to any one who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for the grippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough, and is pleasant and safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia.

FOR SALE.—Ten RIPPAN'S for 5 cents at drugists. One gives relief.

Vermont News.

Accident at Barre.

Shortly before 10 o'clock Friday morning Byron Smith fell from a box at Jones Brook to the ground, a distance of six feet, and sustained a concussion of the brain. He was standing upon a box to put a belt on a pulley in the polishing mill. It is not known whether or not he was struck against another belt and was thrown to the ground or whether he lost his balance and fell. One side of his face is badly burned as if by contact with a belt.

Accident at Fair Haven.

Dr. Clark Smith of Fair Haven was instantly killed at the depot Thursday afternoon, being crushed between the station platform and a car. He went to the station with a woman who was going to take the train. When the train arrived he went into the car and stayed inside until the train started. He then rushed from the car and just as he was stepping to the depot platform his foot slipped and he fell between the platform and the moving train. There was only a small space between the side of the car and the depot platform. Dr. Smith fell into this opening and before the train could be stopped his chest was literally crushed.

Robbery at White River Junction.

Eugene Woodard of Hartford village alleges that early last Wednesday morning he was assaulted and robbed just outside of the Junction. His story is that while returning from a visit to Saxton's River he fell asleep on the train and was carried as far as South Royalton. He returned to the Junction on the down train, which does not stop at Hartford, and reached here about 3:30 a. m. He started to reach home on foot and when near the lower ice house of C. V. railway two men attacked him. When he recovered from the effects of the encounter he found himself lying on the end of the ties close to one of the rails. He managed to reach home between 4 and 5 o'clock, and Thursday evening was able to be out and give his version of the affair to the authorities. Mr. Woodard's pocketbook and some loose change were taken by his assailants.

Ordination at Bennington Center.

Rev. Warren K. Morse was ordained as pastor of the old First church at Bennington Center Wednesday night. Mr. Morse, who has just come from Bridge-water, Conn., is the twelfth pastor that the society and church has had permanently settled over it. The parish is the oldest in Vermont, having been organized in 1762, the first church being completed in season to be occupied for the first time in 1765. The first parson was Rev. Jedediah Dewey, who came here from Westfield, Mass. The size of the old meeting house was 40 by 40 feet with a porch 20 feet square. In the upper part a school was kept for several years.

Decisions of the Supreme Court.

Owing to the refusal of Vermont's state auditor, O. M. Barber, to audit certain classes of accounts, three test cases were taken to the supreme court. The first was in substance—Whether the state should pay the expenses of prosecution and commitment to the reform school at Vergennes. The court held that the state was liable for these expenses. The second question was: Whether a justice of the peace is entitled to receive any fees in criminal cases in addition to a per diem. The court said that he is entitled to receive 34 cents for a warrant, 17 cents for a continuance, 20 cents for a venire, 25 cents for a record, and six cents for each name on a subpoena. The third question was: Whether the state shall pay any costs for a search for intoxicating liquor where nothing is found. The court said no.

Beekeepers' Association.

At the closing session of the twenty-fifth annual meeting of the Vermont Beekeepers' association, at Burlington Wednesday afternoon, the following officers were elected for the year ensuing: President, R. H. Holmes of Shoreham; vice-presidents, Addison County—J. E. Crane of Middlebury; Chittenden—C. J. Lowrey of Jericho; Lamoille—George H. Terrill of Morrisville; Orange—P. W. Smith of Braintree; Rutland—V. N. Forbes of West Haven; secretary, M. F. Cram of West Brookfield; treasurer, H. L. Leonard of Brandon; committee on experimental work, O. J. Lowrey, M. F. Cram, J. E. Crane.

L. G. Graft, who is the oldest living

grain merchant in Philadelphia, was eighty years of age on the 13th day of December, and in honor of the anniversary President Woodman of the Commercial Exchange called a floor meeting of the members at noon, and in a brief address of congratulation presented the popular octogenarian with a handsome gold headed cane, which was the gift of the many friends in the Exchange. Mr. Graft is a daily attendant on the "Change," and enters into any of the humorous incidents which are an occasional deviation from the business routine of the sessions with as keen enjoyment as the youngest habitue of the Exchange.

News has been received of the death of Mrs. Effie Cox Whalen at the State's prison at Windsor. Mrs. Whalen was sentenced by the county court in Burlington in the fall of 1894 to serve a term of 20 years in prison, having been convicted of the murder of Alfred Fournier with Fournier's wife. She died last Monday and was buried at Windsor. She had served about five years of her sentence.

A petition has been sent from Swanton to the board of railroad commissioners praying for a new depot and better train service. It was signed by upwards of a hundred citizens and the entire population of Swanton would have signed had it been thought that more signatures would carry more weight.

Le Grand B. Cannon has offered to contribute one-third of the expenses of extensively remodeling St. Paul's church at Burlington, building a new stone tower over the entrance to the edifice, and erecting a new parish house. The church will undertake to comply with the conditions of Mr. Cannon's liberal offer.

Levi Hazen, an old and widely known civil engineer and student of natural history, is dangerously ill at his home in West Hartford. Mr. Hazen has one of the finest private museums in New England. His collections of agate and of Indian curiosities are remarkably large and valuable.

The President has nominated the following postmasters for Vermont: Bethel, Martha W. Arnold; Enosburgh Falls, E. J. Tyler; Morrisville, H. J. Fisher; Newbury, H. G. Blanchard; Richford, H. C. Ayer; Swanton, Charles E. Hall.

"Improvement the Order of the Age."



FIG. 1

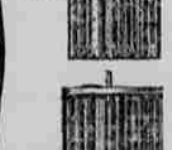


FIG. 3



FIG. 5

The United States Cream Separators, which have gained such an enviable reputation for their superiority over all competitors, are still further improved for

1900 OR THE NEW CENTURY.

The capacities have not only been very materially increased, but the construction of the cups has been changed from smooth to corrugated. The accompanying engravings illustrate these accurately, Figs. 1, 3 and 5 showing the parts one above the other in the order they go together.

This construction overcomes the last criticism our competitors can make. Competitors have frankly admitted that the U. S. is decidedly the best skimmer on the market, but have tried, in their efforts to sell their machines, to make a great bug-bear of using hot water to flush the bowl. With the corrugated cups it is not necessary to use hot water to flush the bowl, unless preferred, as skim milk does the work thoroughly. And there is no cream left around a central tube or between a multiplicity of disks, as the United States has neither, as is the case in competing machines, which have been trying to get some point against the U. S. in order that they might find something to check its

VICTORIOUS PROGRESS.

Some competitors have central tubes and disks, and some central tubes only. The Improved U. S. Separator took the lead several years ago, and no pains will be spared to keep it there and maintain its reputation of being

The BEST and therefore THE CHEAPEST.

VERMONT FARM MACHINE CO., Bellows Falls, Vt.

COAL FAMINE!

Don't get alarmed too much by the scare head lines in the news papers but visit

IDE'S COAL POCKETS

on Bay Street and see what provision a little forethought has made for this emergency.

Take Subway Car at corner Eastern Avenue and Bay Street between Citizens Bank and Swift's. Call at our New Office in the Elevator and inspect the best plant for coal business in Northern New England. If you are too timid to go into the busiest street in the city, leave the order at

IDE'S GROCERY STORE,

20 and 22 EASTERN AVE.,

Or call by Telephone or by Mail.

Our headquarters now in the office in the "Ide Elevator" Bay Street

E. T. & H. K. IDE.

New Furniture,
Fresh Goods.

Latest Styles and Finish.
The Best Christmas Presents.

C. A. STANLEY,

HOWE OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

Christmas
Candies.

"NAME ON EVERY PIECE."

LOWNEY'S
Chocolate Bonbons.

FOR SALE BY

FIELD & ROWELL.

Cigars in Holiday Boxes,

Containing twenty-five each.

I have some of the leading brands put up in this way and they make just the thing for Christmas, and sell at sight. One of these petite boxes will please your smoker friend twenty-five times, at a trifling cost at

BINGHAM'S DRUG STORE.

A sweet scent, for a few cents, and a joy for months is descriptive of Bingham's dainty perfume packages for Christmas.

Bingham's Drug Store.

The Stiles Drug Co.
Christmas
Opening

THURSDAY DEC. 14

and you are cordially invited to attend. Over